and one that speaks volumes for the push and energy of American inventors. While European engineers, as intimated, spent years of time and labor in constructing a one or two-horse power vehicle—which we are about to adopt and convert to our own uses—we established the gigantic cable and trolley systems that inevitably means death to all antiquated forms and methods of animal power.

FEWER AND BETTER HORSES BRED.

The horse breeding business in America is undergoing a tremendous change, to the lasting advantage of stock improvement. Only the most desirable strains of blood are in request for stud purposes, and their blending promises a new race of high steppers. As in the case of motors, the survival of the fittest is exemplified in the horse. The plug is dead, long live the flyer. And the greater the speed of the blue-blooded Kentuckian grows to be the stronger the incentive for horseless carriage makers to surpass him.

Geologists differ as to the origin of the faithful quadruped, and the time of his subjection to man. In history he figures as our servant and companion at the very earliest period of which we have reliable records. Six thousand and more years he has been with us, fighting our battles, tilling our fields, carrying civilization from zone to zone. The twentieth century will see him in his prime—no longer a beast of burden, but with all his noblest qualities exalted.

This prognostication is made for America. Europe, hampered by tradition and constitutional want of promptitude, will follow suit slowly. Cable and electric roads have been built, and more are building in different parts of the old world, under the supervision of American engineers. Every single one of the swiftly moving, smoothly running cars is a living, forceful arraignment of the old-fashioned and laborious horse railways, and of carts and wagons, cabs and private carriages.

But will not the depreciation of the horse do immeasurable damage to a national industry, in fact to a number of industries?

There is little fear of that. A new field of possible usefulness for the horse is indicated by the reports of United States consuls, who say that Europe is already yearning for American horseflesh in lieu of the prohibited beef and the "indexed" hog. Cabmen and liverymen will in the future drive and keep for hire motor carriages promising better profits and involving less risk. The expressman's and truckman's business will be reorganized on a broader, more economical, more humane basis. Cities will be healthier, suburbs more accessible.

Edison's new invention will be a genuine boon—if it is the success he says it is, and he adds: "I never yet had to apologize for one of my inventions and will not commence now. This new thing is as important and as revolutionary as the incandescent lamp."

Edison's storage battery cells are composed of tiny bricks of specially prepared iron and nickel. In the charging and discharging of the battery oxygen is driven from one metal to the other and then back again, through the action of a potash solution, and without corrosion or waste. Renewal of water supply is all that is needed to keep the cells in good condition and the process of recharging the batteries has been improved so that less time is consumed than for the recharging of other batteries.

HENRY W. FISCHER.

BISHOP BRENT'S FAREWELL.

Significant Words Uttered by the New Episcopal Bishop of Manila.

The Churchman.

A few hours more, and my course will be set for that place which, from henceforth, is my home—Manila. Before I sail I should like to say a parting word to those who are sending me as their representative into the heart of the great problem of our day.

First—A word of heartfelt thankfulness. The church which has been appealed to has not turned a deaf ear to the call for generosity. God's spirit is in the midst of His people, and the moneys that have been received are a monument of their self-sacrifice. This infant jurisdiction begins its life with unprecedented equipment. The board of managers voted an appropriation of $20,000 for the year's expenses with the confidence that church people at large would justify its action by giving generously to the missionary treasury. Upward of $22,000 has come in response to my presentation of the cause, without a single personal request. The need has been a sufficient appeal. Mr. George C. Thomas, with his wonted generosity, has just added $5,000 to the gift of $20,000 which he and Mrs. Thomas had already given, that a building suited to the purposes of mission work may be erected at once in Manila. Another person, whose name for the moment is withheld, has contributed $100,000 for a cathedral church, and numerous gifts have been given for its furnishing and adornment. Last, but not least, the church clubs have worked steadily to realize their responsibility in the endowment of the episcopate.

Second—A word of hope. By their action in connection with the jurisdiction of the Philippine islands, church people have declared that missionary work should be equipped at its inception and that time should not be allowed to slip by—time filled with opportunity—before means are placed in the bishop's hands to meet the requirements of the situation. May we not expect that the generosity of to-day in this respect is a forecast of what will happen to-morrow when the church makes her next venture of faith? It is only common sense, economy and justice that it should be so.

Third—A word of confidence. The opportunities before the church in the Philippine islands are undoubted. The more carefully the conditions are studied the more certain this becomes. It will be a slow work, a work of preparation—the laying of foundations; but John Baptist has taught the world of every age that a man with a vision and a spade on fallow ground cannot waste his life, but that he ministers to the ages. It is worth while to be a voice crying in the wilderness. This work, then, must succeed, and the church at home will be patient and stable, not expecting the walls of Rome to rise in a day.

Fourth—A patriotic word. Our country has been put upon her mettle. The Republic is alive to the fact that she is in a hand to hand struggle with the biggest problem she has ever tackled. Throughout the country, unless my experience from coast to coast during the past four months belies me, there is a true spirit of patriotism in our citizens. They are determined that the trust of the Republic shall be honorably fulfilled.

And what there is in the rank and file of citizenship there is in those who represent the country in the administration. Men may lament the policy they adopt, but they may not challenge their motives or question their patriotism. The former is a democratic privilege, the latter a democratic license. That they are ordained by God to be our rulers is sufficient reason that they should meet with a measure of respect that is lamentably deficient; but merely the loyalty that should inspire our common citizenship should lead us to a larger generosity and a more tardy criticism than prevails. A few weeks since one who was about to assume high office in Washington said to me, with deep earnestness: "It is a matter almost of exultation to me that in accepting this public office I am making large personal sacrifice." And another expressed the same idea when he said that the compensations outweighed the sacrifices in the extremely difficult task which was his duty. He acknowledged that he had laid aside the ambition of his life without regard for what the future might have in store, solely because he felt that his first duty was to serve his country in her sorest need. Such men may make mistakes, but they are patriots and deserve honor. Human nature is pretty much the same here or yonder, in the alley or in the White House, and what it needs chiefly is not criticism and fault-finding, but encouragement and inspiration.

This must be my last word. In what I have said during the past six months regarding Philippine affairs I have nothing to retract, everything to reiterate. I have been true to my church and my Nation.

IN THE LITERARY FIELD

SUCCESSFUL FICTION WRITERS SAID TO SUFFER FROM BRAIN FAG.

Each Novelist Has His Own Way of Getting a Plot—Summer Literature—Notes and Gossip.

Successful novel writing is not an unmixed evil, if one judges by the present ill luck of Miss Mary Johnston, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Miss Mary Hartwell Catherwood and Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggins, says a writer in the Philadelphia Press.

Each of these has succumbed to brain fatigue.

Each says she will continue to write as soon as the sanitarium releases its firm grip.

Each of these, except Mrs. Wiggins, has been enjoying the privileges of a rest cure. And rumor has it that Mrs. Wiggins is on the threshold of a sanitarium.

One would think that the violent struggle to be successful might send women and men to a rest cure, but to ride to success in a golden chariot and then break down from brain fag is beyond the reasoning of those who have tried and failed.

These writers have been successful from the start. Why they have each yielded to fatigue and mental strain is probably from trying to meet the demands of an enthusiastic public.

Henry James has explained it all in a recent ghost story, in which he lays the blame to "the dreadful too much" in the successful writer's life.

In that story he gives you such a dramatic and terrible description of the nervous fatigue that comes from trying to live up to one's literary reputation that there is reflected nervousness from simply reading it.

The youngest and newest of these successful novelists is Miss Mary Johnston, and it is she who is returning to a sanitarium in Baltimore for the second time since Christmas.

She has been suffering with the most intense headaches. She has done everything for them except the remarkable operation that it was rumored that she had undergone.

This rumor said she had submitted to the removal of certain nerves from her head, and that the intense pain had, therefore, ceased.

This was absolutely denied at the sanitarium. But the brain fag and severe headaches that are being treated there lend themselves slowly to care, however skillful.

Miss Johnston's terrible headaches did not begin with the writing of a second novel. She had them before writing "To Have and to Hold;" after finishing "Prisoners of Hope," and suffered with them fearfully when writing her last novel, "Audrey."

The young Alabamian has made money; a great deal of it. It was estimated that "To Have and to Hold" netted her $20,000 for the American rights alone.

"Prisoners of Hope" had a great sale after the phenomenal run of the second book.

And to these thousands of dollars is now being added the money from "Audrey," which is already in the front ranks of the money-making books of this year.

After "Audrey" was finished, Miss Johnston gave in to her acute suffering and put herself in a famous Southern sanatorium.

The verdict there is that the trouble is from nervousness and that it will take time to cure it. She remained there for some time after Christmas. She left there the middle of April, but returned in May to remain for several weeks.

Miss Johnston used to say as a young girl that she never needed much sleep. She would go two or three nights without trying to sleep, and once when one of her family was ill, she went a week without more than a nap of a few moments in the afternoon.

Her friends used to say that she must have an extraordinary mind. When she became a successful novelist they remembered their convictions.

Mrs. Townsend, or Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, as the literary world still knows her, has been completely prostrated from writing successful novels. She had to go to the sanatorium at Fishkill Landing in the fall, and has just ventured away from it.

When she succumbed to pain, she was just beginning another novel which, it was supposed, would follow along the same money-making, praise-receiving channel as did "Fauntleroy," "A Lady of Quality" and others.

She began also to suffer with severe pain, and could find no rest from it, working or playing. She came to America—where the good doctors are, of course—and went into the sanatorium. Her malady was diagnosed as neuritis, and she finds herself much better.

She will take up the threads of her book, to weave them into the finished pattern, and she also hopes to write a play.

She will do this in America, and later in the summer will go out to California, where she hopes to get entirely well.

Intense nervousness and literary cleverness seem to go hand in hand.

Mrs. Browning wrote a little poem once which told—so her friends said—of her own severe suffering from nervous headaches. And she ends with the philosophic reflection that if she must have headaches or give up writing she will take the pain.

Grim choice between two evils.

The late Frank Stockton suffered from nervousness and pain produced by noises. He was so sensitive to jarring sound that he left Morristown, N. J., where he had a charming home, because he feared the city would run a street car near his house.

Nearly all the successful workers in imaginative fiction are set on edge by the sounds and conditions which to other people are in the day's life.

Their talent or genius is surrounded by such serious handicaps.

Great financiers promote collossal enterprises requiring the greatest mental strain; great masters of men and affairs work ceaselessly with gigantic results; profound makers of government wrestle with nation-building problems, all in the glare and yell and noise of active industry.

But the writer of books must have dead silence.

Even the sound of the human voice interrupts the flow of the organized thought.

General Lew Wallace was so sensitive to outside influence that he built him a room in the yard and omitted windows, as Emerson did his doorway.

Though General Wallace's act was not absent-mindedness or lack of practical knowledge.

Mr. Emerson didn't know how he was to get in.

General Wallace knew he couldn't look out.

He claimed that even the sight of moving objects distracted his thoughts.

Mr. Hawthorne demanded absolute quiet when he wrote or thought. He chose the most secluded, remote spot to live in so he would by no chance be molested.

If this be their portion, it is no wonder that these four writers of successful novels—women at that—who have attempted to live and work in the noise of cities, have come to the sanitarium.

They are not content to choose, as did Mrs. Browning.

They don't want the headaches, and they wish to continue on their fine career.

Plots of Novelists.

Tid-Bits.

There are few more interesting speculations about writers of fiction than as to where and how they get the ideas which they weave so skillfully into stories for our delight.

"Of one thing you may be quite sure," said a popular novelist to the writer, "that few, if any, fiction writers of any repute buy their plots. As Mr. Anthony Hope said to me only the other day, 'I am positively inundated with ideas from plot-mongers, professional and amateur, but I never even look at them. You can no more take another man's plot than you can wear his clothes.'"

Another thing is equally certain, that practically no two novelists work on identical lines. The most curious method within my knowledge is that adopted by "Rita," who has written nearly half a hundred delightful novels. "Rita" is one of the very few writers who can make their literary bricks without straw. All that she requires for her purpose is an attractive and suggestive title; and, equipped simply with this, and without any attempt to evolve even the skeleton of her story, she sits down to her desk and begins to write—leaving the plot to develop itself.

"It's just like weaving a spider's web," she says. "I begin with my title as the spider begins with his thread, and I work away until the thread snaps and my story is complete. I am quite in the hands of my characters—they do just as they please, and my part is simply to chronicle their doings. When I begin a chapter I haven't the slightest idea how it will develop; and as for forecasting the end of my story, I could no more do it than any of my readers. Occasionally I get an idea from some event in actual life, as when I introduced the Cross poisoning case into 'The Sinner' and the details of an Irish murder case into 'The Sins of Jasper Standish.'"

Occasionally a friend suggests a useful idea for a story to a novelist. "Shameless Wayne," Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe's weird and haunting novel, was suggested by a Yorkshire legend told to the author by a medical friend at Bradford. Dr. Conan Doyle's latest powerful story, "The Hound of the Baskervilles," owes its birth to a stroll and a chat with a literary friend; and Mr. Max Pemberton tells how the plot of "Sea Wolves" sprang directly from a story told him by one of the Rothschilds' clerks of how he and another man conveyed £3,000,000 in gold from London to St. Petersburg.

Many of our best novels, I believe, have had their origin in a similar way, in fact, my own most successful book was the direct outcome of a single sentence I overheard one day in the smoking room of the National Liberal Club.

One may go so far as to say that any trivial accident may suggest a plot. One of the late James Payne's best stories was inspired by a name seen on a signboard from a passing omnibus; one of Sir Walter Besant's by an advertisement in the agony column of a newspaper; and Anthony Hope's first novel by an idea that was suggested to him while listening to a case in the law courts, for want of anything better to do.

Mr. Rider Haggard traces his career as a novelist to a casual attendance at a church in Norwood. He was so struck by the purity and beauty of the face of a girl who was sitting near him that, instead of listening to the sermon, he began to weave a story around it. This story a few months later saw the light as "Dawn." "King Solomon's Mines" was suggested by reading an article on boys' books; and when Mr. Haggard sat down to write "She"—a feat which he performed in six weeks—he had absolutely no material to work with beyond the simple idea of an immortal woman.

Mr. Anthony Hope admits that he never introduces actual characters into his books. "I may take a trait or little trick of manner now and then, but real people never give you what you want, and personally I should find it impossible to portray them in my stories;" and this you may take as the usual rule.

You must not run away with the idea that all novels are written easily. Some writers, like Stanley Weyman and Conan Doyle, have put in as much as a year's hard reading before writing a line of a novel. In fact, it is said that for "The White Company" Dr. Doyle read no fewer than a hundred volumes, and I am sure you will agree with me that the result is worth the labor.

Some Objectionable Books.

New York Mail and Express.

On the same day that we read a denial that George Washington was a Christian announcement was made of the publication of three new books—one an attempt to prove that the Borgias were a highly moral and respectable family; another asserting that Tiberium, instead of being the exemplar of all that is vicious and profligate, was in reality "the best type of Roman" and "the ideal senator;" the third aiming to convince us that Jeffreys of "the bloody assizes" was not a bit worse than his contemporaries and on the whole a fair, if not a lenient, judge.

The efforts to lower our demi-gods to the common standard of humanity have been frequent of late. We have had "The Real So-and-so" and "The True So-and-so" written about nearly all the heroes and statesmen whom we were taught as schoolboys to believe were superhumanly good in character and conduct. Little harm has been done by the show of Washington, Franklin and other worthies as mortals with human faults and foibles instead of the painfully perfect beings we had considered them. But when these attempts are considered in connection with the equally prevalent desire to rehabilitate all the villains of history, we are confronted with a trend of thought distinctly modern.

These books are simply the expression of a new but wide-spread feeling that all men are much alike and deserve neither exaltation nor complete condemnation. Only the neutral tint of gray suits this new judgment. If the statue be snow white it glares at us too brightly. So we chip off a corner here and there and plaster up the places with mud. The fragments we pound into a well-mixed whitewash and proceed to smear over the blackness of the effigy of every famous butcher. The result is hardly the artistic ideal in either instance. But it is the fad of the moment beyond all denial.

It is time, however, to draw the line when we learn that a novelist is to give us a new version of the justification of Judas, once essayed by a group of medieval casuists. In all other instances we are open to conviction that no man should be hero or villain to posterity any more than to his valet. But we decline to give up the ancient Iscariot.

Summer Reading for Americans.

Francis W. Halsey, in Review of Reviews.

The books which the regular houses now offer in summer are among the best published through the whole year—both as to contents and as to manufacture. Indeed, the summer reading public has its needs looked after with something of the same care and intelligence that are bestowed upon books for the holidays, and this attention has been bestowed with a devotion that has increased year after year.

Were causes to be sought for the change we might find many. A primary one has been international copyright, which has effected something like a revolution in the book trade of this country. It has wellnigh obliterated opportunities for reprinting English books without authority from the authors and without compulsory compensation to them. Former conditions made it certain that all popular English books would have more than one American reprint, each competing with the others, and each made to sell as cheaply as possible—for 25 cents, for 10 and even for 5. Hence has come to the American author competition with his English brother on equal terms—a competition in which he has constantly proved himself to be the better man—until, as an American publisher recently said, there are not more than four or five English novelists who remain vital factors in the American market to-day.

Another cause operating with the foregoing has been the enormous increase in the size of the reading public. Twenty-five years ago a book that sold to the extent of 30,000 copies was something of a phenomenon. Nowadays a single year has chronicled half a dozen that rose to sales of more than 100,000 copies. It is the increase in higher education which, in the first instance, has raised up this new army of readers. Cheaper and larger newspapers, including the formidable Sunday issues, have supplemented the work begun by the schools; they have held people fast to the reading habit. Along with them, or following them, have come the monthly magazines, multiplied in their numbers, vastly extended in their range of topics, and possessed in many cases of circulations that rival or surpass those of the most successful metropolitan newspapers.

A third cause that must be named is the awakening of new interest in life out of doors. Coincident with the spread of education has been a drift of population toward cities and large towns, of which the statistics, needless to be named here, are formidable. Young men seeking success in life migrate to places where their trained talents can best find employment. Success has attended the most of them, with growing incomes, wider horizons, experience in travel, finer social connections and the attendant obligations—above all, a need for change from the engrossing activities of the working part of the year. Hence has come the familiar reaction against town life that every year drives thousands more and more to the country—it may be to reside in homes of their own, it may be to live in hotels, to propel the bicycle or play golf. Out of this has come leisure for reading and a desire for it, an interest in nature, in American history, in the world beyond our own immediate borders and in the books that relate to those topics, whether nature books, histories or books of travel. Man's social nature has at the same time been developed and inspired on new and broad lines, while interest in society, as novelists present it, has been deepened, widened and refreshed.

Preparing a Concordance.

New York Times.

Readers interested in a recently published book containing letters from Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke to Robert Balmanno may like to know something of her method in preparing her great work, "The Concordance to Shakspeare," as detailed in a letter to S. Austin Allibone, dated May 12, 1852, and accompanied by a dozen pages of the manuscript. She writes:

"I had a wide-backed portfolio for each letter of the alphabet; in some instances, S for example, it required two portfolios. I took a fresh sheet of paper for each word I inscribed, and worked through two pages of Shakspeare as they lay open before me, letter by letter; thus: Suppose the top line of the page was "Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell." I entered the word "angel" under its proper head, and all the succeeding words beginning with "a" through the two pages; then "bright," with all the words beginning with "b" through the two pages; then "fell," etc., and then on to two more. At the end of each play I collected all the filled pages of the manuscript, that my portfolio might be as little loaded as need be; but even with this precaution the bulk in use was very large. However, although the bulk may be increased by using a fresh sheet for each word, yet I think the advantage of clearness thus obtained counterbalances the inconvenience. If also your work be of great extent you will find it highly essential that your manuscript papers should be all of a size, as considerably diminishing the trouble of subsequent sorting and arrangement. * * * It is well, likewise, to seize any occasion (such as the conclusion of each play afforded me) for sorting the filled manuscript pages at once, instead of leaving the accumulated heap till the end of the work, as a neglect of this latter multiplies and re-multiplies the time and trouble of the task."

In such a method the concordance was executed—a work containing 309,600 lines of Shakspeare, not a word not alphabetically arranged, the whole line given as well as the play, the act and the scene, and contained in a book of 880 pages of three columns each. Before being stereotyped the work was read three times and compared with the three most correct editions.

William Black's Art.

Literary World.

One of the cardinal principles of the literary art of the late Mr. William Black may well be commended to the vast army of novel writers who have taken the field even since his first triumphs were won. It was life as he saw it, says his biographer, Sir Wemyss Reid, which he tried to depict, not that imaginary life of melodramatic adventure so dear to so many of his literary followers. "People are not always committing forgery, or bigamy, or running away with other men's wives, or being falsely accused of murder," Mr. Black used to say. * * * "I would rather write about men and women like those whom I have actually known than about imaginary monsters I have never seen." If for nothing else William Black is to be remembered for the "green fields" and clear waters by which he led us in the pathways of his fiction. And now the beacon lighthouse which forms his most fitting memorial stands on Duart Point in the Sound of Mull, and in Sir Wemyss Reid's simple but impressive words, "casts its rays over the waters where, in Black's most powerful story, the yacht of Macleod of Dare went down."

Why Books Are Not Selling.

The World's Work.

Just when this paragraph is written any bookseller will tell you that his shelves are so overcrowded with new novels that he can sell few of them; and the best suffer least from such an overproduction. In the meantime, authors, publishers and the public are finding time to reflect; and reflection makes it clear that ping-pong now engages those half million or more of mighty minds which were yesterday engaged in reading historical novels that contained neither history nor romance. But these things bear the same relation to literature that gas logs bear to a hickory fire: they cannot warm the heart.

Literary Notes.

Elizabeth of the "German Garden" has written a new book, which will appear in the autumn.

It is announced that, besides the new volume of Jane Welsh Carlyle's letters, further letters of Thomas Carlyle will shortly be presented.

Mr. Anthony Hope has a new novel ready, but the name and nature of it are as yet unknown. It is to be published after the coronation is safely over.

Judge Pennypacker, of Pennsylvania, possesses, it is stated, the largest private library in this country devoted to a single object—the preservation of historical material relating to the owner's State.

The writer described as "the gifted young Canadian poet"—Mr. Bliss Carman, to wit—is about to publish a coronation ode, and the fact will remind the readers of American periodicals that he is in truth no American, but a subject of King Edward.

The price of histories and other works of erudtion and permanent value to the library is said to be steadily rising in England; even at second-hand they are snapped up greedily. This fact is partly attributed to the increase of public libraries in that country and this.

Rudyard Kipling is the illustrator as well as the author of a new volume called "Just So Stories," and his pictures are said to be admirable. Evidently he gets his gift from his father, who will be remembered as the illustrator of "Kim" and the maker of the cover design for "The Day's Work."

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne sailed for England last week, and it is thought that he will not return to the United States. Mr. Le Gallienne at one time expected to make his home in this country, but of late his success has not been all that he expected here, and so he has gone back to the scene of his old-time vogue.

King Oscar of Sweden has written a volume of poems in French and will publish them in Paris. He is not the only poet sovereign, for Prince Nicholas of Montenegro has written many lyrics and a couple of tragedies in verse, while the Emperor of Japan makes writing poetry his recreation. The Japanese ruler, however, does not publish his verses.

A Child's Questions.

"Why did my little sister come unless she meant to stay?
Could anybody love her more than we?" says little May.

"Why did she go? Where did she go? What makes her stay away?
Did anybody need her more than we?" asks little May.

Alas, these tearful questions wake sad memories to-day;
"He needs her most who loves her most," is all that I can say.

—M. A. B. Kelly, in Youth's Companion.

Opposes Women Teachers.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

A New York school commissioner is reported to have declared recently that "teaching as a profession would never amount to much until women are barred, because they only teach a short time and then get married." This view, coming from one of those versatile Chicago educators who are constantly discovering things which are not so would not be surprising, but from a school commissioner it is remarkable. The appropriateness of women as teachers, especially in the earlier years of a child's school life, has become so universally recognized as to be accepted as a matter of course. Children of tender years require that gentleness and consideration which only a woman can give to them. Man, ever awkward with children, cannot hope to compete with women as instructors in those grades.

That a majority of schoolteachers only teach a short time and then wed is not a disadvantage to the profession. Teaching is a more or less monotonous task, in which only the most ardent do not lag. The places vacated by the brides are constantly being filled by others, fresh to the work, who bring to it unwearied attention and the zest of novelty.

The Lost Needle.

Chicago Tribune.

Twenty-seven years ago Mrs. Semantha Ambergris, a quiet, modest seamstress residing in Walnut Grove, Ill., was sewing a button on her husband's trousers. Having occasion to thread a needle, she held it between her lips while she looked for a spool of thread. Just then she sneezed violently and the needle disappeared, nor could she find it after the most prolonged search.

The incident passed entirely out of her mind. One day last week, however, Mrs. Ambergris, who is now an elderly woman, felt a tingling sensation in the middle finger of her left hand. She looked at the finger and saw something small and sharp protruding from the skin. Applying a pair of tweezers, she pulled it out. It proved to be a splinter she had accidentally run into her finger the day before while cleaning house.

HORSES LIKE THE OPEN.

Showmen Say the Animals Are Not Happy When Inclosed.

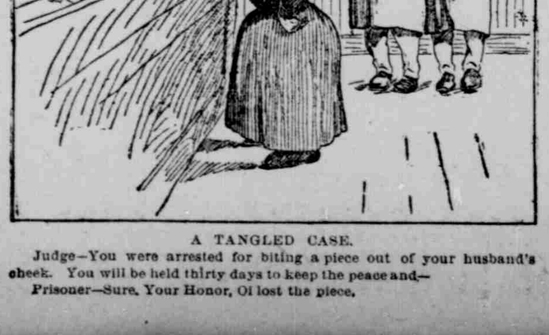
New York Times.

It has been a subject of remark by those who saw the performance of Buffalo Bill's "Wild West" in the Madison-square Garden, New York, and afterward in this city, out in Master street, how much more spirited the horses appeared in the open air. This is noticed every season by those connected with the exhibition, but even they were impressed with a keener appreciation of equine susceptibility to environment by an incident that occurred during the visit of the "Wild West" in London in 1887.

An invitation was extended for an afternoon performance on the lawn near the long walk and forest of Windsor Castle. Her Majesty demonstrated a lively interest in the daring horsemanship, exciting episodes, historic incidents and novel personalities of the "Wild West" exhibition, but an especial object of royal curiosity was the Cossacks, then seen for the first time in peace outside of Russia. This was the first amusement entertainment permitted at the castle. Others of an operatic and dramatic nature followed.

The troupe, of just about the same magnitude as it is now, comprising some 400 rough riders and as many horses, left the cars at the Windsor Castle station, and, forming in parade—a gallant sight, since all were at their best—marched to the appointed show ground, fronting which the Queen's marquee was erected. But when the horses came in sight of the great meadow-like expanse of green, with the shady reaches of a forest beyond, a thrill of excitement seemed to run through them. They threw up their heads, pricked their ears and neighed. Then one and all endeavored to run, caper and bound like colts just turned loose.

It was difficult even for their skillful riders to control them. And when opportunities were given them to carry avenging cowboys after fleeing Indians, cavalrymen who rode without saddles, Cossacks who rode in all sorts of surprising ways, how those horses did gallop. Even the wicked bronchos caught the general contagion, but in their own malevolently obstinate way. They fought against subjugation with greater fury than ever. Nearly every one had to be thrown down in helplessness before the hated saddle could be put upon him, and, when once mounted, did not stop bucking, kicking, plunging, twisting and rolling until exhausted.



A TANGLED CASE.

Judge—You were arrested for biting a piece out of your husband's cheek. You will be held thirty days to keep the peace and—

Prisoner—Sure, Your Honor, Oi lost the piece.

Chorus of Hungry Boarders—Haven't we meat to-day?

Landlady—No, gentlemen; I've joined the Anti-Meat League, and we're resolved not to buy meat until the price is cut in half.